

It Is Time

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, Man in the Moon

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-20 20:55:20

Updated: 2013-09-05 20:17:16

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:54:11

Rating: K

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,143

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When the worst happens just when his guardians can not afford to stop working, The Man in Moon is bound to bring new guards to the world. A bloody battle is bound to repeat itself when the mission requires once again the help of humans. Mortal and finite humans, choosen to help a lonely spirit on a hunt for a family. ..."Because fear is not the worst thing in the world."

ROTBTD

1. Prelude (Where No Light Should Reach)

=) My first story of the Big Four, that's so nice.

* * *

><p>"Nothing is forever, my dear"

The cave entrance was sealed with a perfect circle of wood, carved and painted with runes and writings of the Golden Age, a time when everything was still perfect. As a frame, there was an iron bar taken from the Moon and blessed with prayers that were long forgotten by men.

It was a sacred piece, created to be irremovable by anyone with selfish and/or bad purposes.

From time to time, tsar Lunar would send a moonbeam to check the seal. To observe and to look for marks or signs that someone had touched or even tried to remove it. For more than three thousand years all moonbeams had returned with the same old and good news that everything remained the same and that no one, human or animal, had the courage to enter that part of the forest yet. Every time it happened The Man in Moon smiled with relief.

There was a reason to why he had placed such force and power in that specific and unique seal.

Not even the King Of Nightmares himself was worth of that size of effort. His first and second prison had been in the underground world, surrounded by the darkness so that no light could create shadows. Perhaps some powerful spells and two or three unbreakable chains.

But that level of power... Tsar Lunar had only used once in his whole life and it had cost him more than two hundred years of life, in a time even before he chose the Big Four to become the Guardians.

That was exactly why the Man in Moon paled so abruptly (scaring all his luna robots) when for the first time in more than three thousand years he felt a dark presence walking through those old trees, heading exactly to that cave hidden from time. Immediately MIM sent fifty powerful moonbeams there and stood on the edge of the moon closer to Earth, anxiously waiting on tiptoes.

And that's why when none of its moonbeams returned, Tsar Lunar felt a fear that he hadn't experienced in so many millennia invading his chest.

"Not even you, little lonely man."

2. Chapter 1 (Loop In Time)

Ok, this really taking some time because IÂ'm not american, so I donÂ't use english every day, so please have patient with me!

* * *

><p>Located in the far north, the factory of Nicholas St. North was preparing full speed for Christmas in less than two weeks.<p>

Despite having the whole year to prepare, for some reason that was still beyond North, they never managed to finish everything without having a heart stretch run in the last days. It was wrong toy, piece missing, boxes disappearing, quotas not yet completed. Last year, children's toys of China were completely destroyed in a landslide in deposit seven that cost him three months of work, only four weeks before Christmas. Those twenty eight days were the most stressful time of his entire existence as a Guardian and North prayed for this to never happen again for at least 300 years.

This year was a delay of only 400,000 toys to a city in the south and they were already solving the problem. As long as no other unforeseen delays occurred, Santa believed that everything would be fine.

Of course that was when things started to go wrong in the life of St. North.

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><p>"Get out of my way, I'm still the owner of this place!" the furious man exclaimed, while carrying two statues of ice in each arm, one of them being the BarbieÂ's Diamond Castle and the other a toy horse with movable legs.<p>

Arriving at the table he wanted, North placed the castle down with surprising delicacy for his size and turned to give his orders and tips to the yeti who was in charge there. That was when a loud and familiar sound interrupted everything, overlaying easily all the other noises of the toys manufacturing.

Santa turned to the center of the main building and raised his eyes upwards, looking surprised at the gate in the ceiling slowly opening. The golden plates and delicate glass that formed the window began to retreat with the soft hissing of a runnine engine, opening a perfect rectangle to the left of the giant globe that lit up like a beautiful Christmas tree. Curious about the peculiar position that his old friend adopted, North approached the edge with the ice sculpture forgotten in hand.

"Manny, there's any news for us?" asked the man, smiling at his friend.

Quiet as always, The Man in Moon responded by sending one of his moonbeams that hit the floor next to North, who took a few steps away to give space to the creature. The beam formed the silhouette of two clock hands, spinning normally for a moment until suddenly both stopped, marking an exact time.

03h20.

The Guardian frowned, without understanding what his friend was trying to say. He raised his head to ask when an explosion of gentle light occurred and a new moonbeam softly crossed the distance from the moon to earth in the blink of an eye, still keeping the pale beauty that was its trademark. This time, when it sailed across the open window, it divided itself into five beams in the characteristic way of natural light that human artists like to paint and they reached the globe instead of the ground. Gliding silently through the huge sphere, the lights expanded in the detailed surface until each one found the place where they were to rest.

North observed the shapeless pattern in which the rays stopped without understanding.

One lit Germany, the other Scotland, two stopped upon an island near Scandinavia and the last in west Canada. Each of the moonbeams waited for the man in red to observe the location of all before projecting the second part of the message: small, tiny dark circles made of shadows, spinning rapidly and forming microscopic swirls. The forms were so familiar that North immediately recognized them and like flicking a switch in his mind, the man understood what his friend was asking.

But it opened more questions than answers.

"But why are you asking me that, Manny?" the Guardian asked, looking confused to the old acquaintance. "Something is happening?"

The great and powerful moon seemed to observe him for a few seconds, as if he was debating whether or not he should respond.

The tsar pondered for a moment, wondering if it was worthwhile to tell North what he had discovered now, when the man was alone and without anyone to help him absorb the news. However, after a minute

and a half of thinking, MIM decided that if he had chosen Nicholas North for this mission, it was because he knew that the man was capable.

Silently, the last Lunanoff sent his response.

Feeling the will of his master, all the moonbeams shone more strongly and unconsciously undid the images of shadows and then gently glide by, until they were all gathered together on the polished floor of the russian ex-cossack. The elves, yetis and even North moved away, forming a perfect circle and giving space to the messengers of the Man in Moon. The pale light shone gently for a few seconds until the rays agreed on what each one would do.

Quickly came the image of a shapeless sphere, which slowly began to take a specific form that the eyes of Nicholas recognized almost immediately, after so many centuries of analyzing the globe and noting all divisions that humans did on every continent. It was the perfect outline of the map of Greece, or more precisely

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Peloponnese.

Suddenly, a second image appeared next to the map: the silhouette of a face similar to a human, slowly turning and revealing long straight hair on only one side of the head while the other seemed to be either very short or shaved.

Aside from the strange hairstyle, nothing appeared to be wrong with that picture. No broken nose as a witch, no abnormally large tusk from the mouth, no horns or protuberances on the forehead, it didn't even have gills on the neck. Nothing indicated that it was a terrible monster, ready to attack Earth. But Santa still felt a chill in his stomach that sounded a bell of danger in his head - Nothing is really what it seems, until proven to the contrary, his teacher had said centuries ago and he was always proven right, even after he died. Besides, it wasn't only the bad feeling that made North look suspiciously at the picture. The simple fact that MiM was showing it alongside Peloponnese was already alarming enough.

Moreover, not all monsters have the appearance of monsters.

And evil spirits have a nasty tendency to look like humans, as Pitch Black can prove.

Slowly, the figure began to move away, revealing the creature's full body and Nicolas's suspicion that it wasn't in any way a person was confirmed. The body itself didn't have anything wrong. It looked like the naked body of a human woman, slender, long and beautiful - with strong arms and legs and a narrow waist between firm shoulders and wide hips. However, the humanity of the thing ended there. Hands with long, slender fingers and feet with gentle curves ended in long and dangerously sharp claws, features that you don't see in human fingernails. And from the base of the elegant spinal column stretched a thick and powerful tail, full of small triangular spikes.

The tightness in his stomach suddenly became a thousand times more powerful and the bell in his head increased until it became

psychologically unbearable.

A monster.

But not just any monster like a goblin or a troll, which are mischievous creatures, slightly cruel but not really bad. They play tricks on humans and make jokes, but they never kill. Hurt, sometimes, but actually kill? No, this elegant figure full of sharp angles he knew very well, and was part of the most dangerous category of beings that exist in the world.

A gobble-child.

Nicholas stared in horror at the projection, understanding perfectly what Manny was trying to tell. If she was planning something in Peloponnese, then the danger was more than big.

"How much time do we have?!" he exclaimed, looking up at the moon, his voice slightly altered.

For a few seconds nothing happened, but soon the moonbeams gained a new brightness and reorganized on the ground quickly, dispelling the image of the creature and forming, this time, a shape extremely dear to St. Nicholas.

An oak tree decorated with lights and small balls, a perfect star at the top.

North then closed his eyes, a horrible feeling creeping inside of him and scratching his chest like a knife. A cold shiver went through his entire body, but this was not the thrill of excitement, adrenaline or even cold he loved so much, but the kind that everyone hates: fear, grief. And it was not even fear for himself, it was for the children "it always will be the children who will soften his warrior heart" fear for they that are, whether nice or naughty, equally precious and innocent in a unique way all over the universe
.

It's had only been two years.

Only two years since the incident with Pitch and the Nightmares, since the year that every child in the world had their hopes, dreams, charm and joy crushed and discredited cruelly and unforgivably by the King of Nightmares. Only two years since they were almost deprived of the wonder of life and thrown into a world only made of darkness and fear.

Two years only.

Suddenly he felt a warm sensation spread throughout his body. Startled, he opened his eyes to find himself wrapped in one of the moonbeams of the Man in Moon, shining gentle and caring. A small smile played on his lips as he lifted his head to his old and silent friend, nodding gratefully.

North then took a deep breath and turned to his companions, yetis and elves, all standing behind him with worried expressions. He pushed his own fears aside and strode forward, standing up firmly to his full height. He carelessly threw the statue of ice to the side and headed for the elevator, screaming for someone grab his coat and

swords.

"Prepare the sled and my babies!" Santa exclaimed, shutting the gate with a sharp crack.

He took a last look at the moon before the platform started to decline.

"We've got work to do."

* * *

><p>Ok, is so weird have a published story XP (I have to thank to my dear betas, EsmeAmelia and nighfurries for this)<p>

End
file.